

" never shalt retreat—Then, by my troth, I'll never
" go, sir."—But here he comes.

· LORENZO enters.

Lor. Will it never be night? Sure 'tis the longest
day the sun e'er travelled.

Lop. Would 'twere as long as those in Greenland,
sir, that you might spin out your life t'other half-
year. I don't like these nightly projects; a man
can't see what he does. We shall have some scurvy
mistake or other happen; a brace of bullets blunder
through your head in the dark, perhaps, and spoil all
your intrigue.

Lor. Away, you trembling wretch, away.

Lop. Nay, sir, what I say is purely for your safety;
for as to myself—Uds-death! I no more value the
losing a quart of blood, than I do drinking a quart of
wine. Besides, my veins are too full; my physician
advised me, but yesterday, to let go twenty ounces for
my health. So, you see, sir, there's nothing of that
in the case.

Lor. Then let me hear no other objections; for till
I see Leonora, I must lie upon the rack. I cannot
bear her resentment, and will pacify her this night, or
not live to see to-morrow.

Lop. Well, sir; since you are so determined, I
sha'n't be impertinent with any farther advice; but I
think you have laid your design to—[*He coughs.*] (I
have got such a cold to-day) to get in privately, have
you not?

Lor. Yes, and have taken care to be introduced as
far as her chamber-door with all secrecy.

Lop. [*He coughs.*] This unlucky cough! I had ra-
ther have had a fever at another time. Sir, I should
be sorry to do you more harm than good upon this
occasion. If this cough should come upon me in the
midst of the action, [*Coughs.*] and give the alarm to
the family, I should not forgive myself as long as I
lived.

Lor. I have greater ventures than that to take my

"pests canst thou raise, what storms canst thou assuage! To all thy cruelties I am resigned; long years through seas of torment I'm content to roll, so thou wilt guide me to the happy port of my Lorenzo's arms, and bless me there with one calm day at last."

ISABELLA enters.

What news, dear Isabella? Methinks there's something cheerful in your looks may give a trembling lover hopes. If you have comfort for me, speak; for I indeed have need of it.

Isab. Were your wants yet still greater than they are, I bring a plentiful supply.

Cam. Oh, Heavens! is't possible?

Isab. New mysteries are out; and if you can find charms to wean Lorenzo from your sister, no other obstacle is in your way to all you wish.

Cam. Kind messenger from Heaven, speak on.

Isab. Know then, that you are daughter to Alvarez.

Cam. How! daughter to Alvarez?

Isab. You are. The truth's this moment come to light; and till this moment, he, although your father, was a stranger to it; nay, did not even know you were a woman. In short, the great estate which has occasioned such uncommon accidents, was left but on condition of a son; great hopes of one there was, when you destroyed them, and to your parents came a most unwelcome guest. To repair the disappointment, you were changed for that young Camillo, who a few months after died. Your father then was absent; but your mother, quick in contrivance, bold in execution, during that infant's sickness, had resolved his death should not deprive her family of those advantages his life had given it; so ordered things with such dexterity, that once again there passed a change between you. Of this, for reasons yet unknown to me, she made a secret to her husband, and took such wise precautions, that till this hour 'twas so to all the world, except the person from whom I now have heard it.

Cam. This news indeed affords a view of no unhappy termination: yet there are difficulties still may be of fatal hindrance.

Isab. None, except that one I just now named to you; for to remove the rest, know, I have already unfolded all, both to Alvarez and Don Felix.

Cam. And how have they received it?

Isab. To your wishes both. As for Lorenzo, he is yet a stranger to all has passed; and the two old fathers desire he may some moments longer continue so. They have agreed to be a little merry with the heat he is in, and engage you in a family quarrel with him.

Cam. I doubt, Isabella, I shall act that part but faintly.

Isab. No matter, you'll make ample amends for it in the scene of reconciliation.

Cam. Pray Heaven it may be my lot to act it with him.

Isab. Here comes Don Felix to wish you joy.

DON FELIX enters.

Don Fel. Come near, my daughter, and with extended arms of great affection let me receive thee.—
[*Kisses her.*] Thou art a dainty wench, good faith thou art, and 'tis a mettled action thou hast done. If Lorenzo don't like thee the better for't, God's my life, he's a pitiful fellow, and I sha'n't believe the bonny old man had the getting of him.

Cam. I'm so encouraged by your forgiveness, sir, methinks I have some flattering hopes of his.

Don Fel. O his! 'Egad and he had best, I believe; he'll meet with his match if he don't. What dost think of trying his courage a little by way of a joke, or so?

Isab. I was just telling her your design, sir.

Don Fel. Why I'm in a mighty witty way upon this whimsical occasion: but I see him coming. You must not appear yet; go your way in to the rest of the people there, and I'll inform him what a squabble he has worked himself into here.

[*Exeunt Camilla and Isabella.*]

LORENZO and LOPEZ enters.

Lop. Pray, sir, don't be so obstinate now, don't affront Heaven at this rate. I had a vision last night about this business, on purpose to forewarn you; I dreamt of goose eggs, a blunt knife, and the snuff of a candle; I'm sure there's mischief towards you.

Lor. You cowardly rascal, hold your tongue.

Don Fel. Lorenzo, come hither, my boy, I was just going to send for thee. The honour of our ancient family lies in thy hands: there is a combat preparing; thou must fight, my son.

Lop. Look you there now, did not I tell you? O, dreams are wondrous things. I never knew that snuff of a candle fail yet.

Lor. Sir, I do not doubt but Carlos seeks my life, I hope he'll do it fairly.

Lop. Fairly, do you hear, fairly! Give me leave to tell you, sir, folks are not fit to be trusted with lives, that don't know how to look better after them. Sir, you gave it him, I hope you'll make him take a little more care on't.

Don Fel. My care shall be to make him do as a man of honour ought to do.

Lop. What will you let him fight then? Let your own flesh and blood fight?

Don Fel. In a good cause, as this is.

Lop. *O monstrum horrendum!* Now I have that humanity about me, that if a man but talks to me of fighting, I shiver at the name on't.

Lor. What you do on this occasion, sir, is worthy of you; and had I been wanting to you in my due regards before, this noble action would have stamped that impression, which a grateful son ought to have for so generous a father.

Lop. Very generous, truly! gives him leave to be run through the guts, for his posterity to brag on a hundred years hence. *[Aside.]*

Lor. I think, sir, as things now stand, it won't be right for me to wait for Carlos's call! I'll, if you please, prevent him.

Lop. Ay, pray, sir, do prevent him by all means; 'tis better made up, as you say, a thousand times.

Don Fel. Hold your tongue, you impertinent Jack-a-napes, I will have him fight, and fight like a fury, too; if he don't, he'll be worsted, I can tell him that. For know, son, your antagonist is not the person you name, it is an enemy of twice his force.

Lop. O dear! O dear! O dear! and will nobody keep them asunder?

Lor. Nobody shall keep us asunder, if once I know the man I have to deal with.

Don Fel. Thy man then is—Camillo.

Lor. Camillo!

Don Fel. 'Tis he; he'll suffer nobody to decide this quarrel but himself.

Lop. Then there are no seconds, sir.

Don Fel. None.

Lop. He's a brave man.

Don Fel. No; he says, nobody's blood shall be spilt on this occasion, but theirs who have a title to it.

Lop. I believe he'll scarce have a law-suit upon the claim.

Don Fel. In short, he accuses thee of a shameful falsehood, in pretending his sister Leonora was thy wife; and has upon it prevailed with his father as thou hast done with thine, to let the debate be ended by the sword 'twixt him and thee.

Lop. And pray, sir, with submission, one short question, if you please: What may the gentle Leonora say of this business?

Don Fel. She approves of the combat, and marries Carlos.

Lop. Why, God a-mercy.

Lor. Is it possible? Sure she's a devil, not a woman.

Lop. I-cod, sir, a devil and a woman both, I think.

Don Fel. Well, thou shalt have satisfaction of some of them. Here they all come.

ALVAREZ, LEONORA, CARLOS, SANCHE, and
JACINTA enter.

Alv. Well, Don Felix, have you prepared your son?
for mine, he's ready to engage.

Lor. And so is his. My wrongs prepare me for a
thousand combats. My hand has hitherto been held
by the regard I've had to every thing of kin to Leo-
nora; but since the monstrous part she acts has driven
her from my heart, I call for reparation from her fa-
mily.

Alv. You'll have it, sir; Camillo will attend you
instantly.

Lop. O lack! O lack! will nobody do a little some-
thing to prevent bloodshed? Why, madam, have you
no pity, no bowels? [*To Leonora.*] Stand and see one
of your husband's slaughter'd before your face? 'Tis
an arrant shame.

Leo. If widowhood be my fate, I must bear it as I
can.

Lop. Why, did you ever hear the like?

Lor. Talk to her no more. Her monstrous impu-
dence is no otherwise to be replied to, than by a dag-
ger in her brother's heart.

Leo. Yonder he's coming to receive it. But have
a care, brave sir, he does not place it in another's!

Lor. It is not in his power. He has a rotten cause
upon his sword; I'm sorry he is engaged in it: but
since he is, he must take his fate. For you, my bravo,
expect me in your turn. [*To Carlos.*]

Car. You'll find Camillo, sir, will set your hand out.

Lor. A beardless boy. You might have match'd
me better, sir: but prudence is a virtue.

Don Fel. Nay, son, I would not have thee despise
thy adversary, neither; thoult find Camillo will put
thee hardly to't.

Lor. I wish we were come to the trial. Why does
he not appear?

Jacin. Now do I hate to hear people brag thus.—
Sir, with my lady's leave, I'll hold a ducat he disarms
you. [*They laugh.*]

Lor. Why what!—I think I'm sported with.—Take heed, I warn you all; I am not to be trifled with.

CAMILLO and ISABELLA enter.

Leo. You sha'n't, sir; here's one will be in earnest with you.

Lor. He's welcome: though I had rather have drawn my sword against another. I'm sorry, Camillo, we should meet on such bad terms as these, yet more sorry your sister should be the wicked cause on't: but since nothing will serve her but the blood either of a husband or brother, she shall be glutted with it—Draw!

"Lop. Ah, lard! ah, lard! ah, lard!"

Lor. And yet, before I take this instrument of death into my fatal hand, hear me, Camillo; hear, Alvarez; all; I imprecate the utmost powers of Heaven to shower upon my head the deadliest of its wrath; "I ask, that all hell's torment may unite to "round my soul with one eternal anguish," if wicked Leonora be not my wife.

Omnes. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

Leo. Why then, may all those curses pass him by, "and wrap me in their everlasting pains," if ever once I had a fleeting thought of making him my husband.

Lop. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

Leo. Nay, more; to strike him dumb at once, and shew what men with honest looks can practise, know, he's married to another.

Alv. and Fel. How!

Leo. The truth of this is known to some that are here.

Jacin. Nay, 'tis certainly so.

Isab. 'Tis to a friend of mine.

Car. I know the person.

Lor. 'Tis false, and thou art a villain for thy testimony.

Cam. Then let me speak: what they aver is true, and I myself was, in disguise, a witness of its doing.

Lor. Death and confusion! He a villain, too!—
Have at thy heart.

[*He draws.*
Lop. Ah!—I can't bear the sight on't.

Cam. Put up that furious thing, there's no business for't.

Lor. There's business for a dagger, stripling; 'tis that should be thy recompence.

Cam. Why then, to shew thee naked to the world, and close thy mouth forever—I am myself thy wife—

Lor. What does the dog mean?

Cam. To fall upon the earth and sue for mercy.

[*Kneels, and lets her periwig fall off.*

Lor. A woman!—

Lop. I'cod, and a pretty one too; you wags, you.

Lor. I'm all amazement. Rise, Camillo, (if I am still to call you by that name) and let me hear the wonders you have for me.

Isab. That part her modesty will ask from me:—
I'm to inform you then, that this disguise hides other mysteries besides a woman; a large and fair estate was covered by it, which, with the lady, now will be resigned to you. 'Tis true, in justice it was yours before; but 'tis the god of love had done you right.—
'To him you owe this strange discovery; through him you are to know, the true Camillo's dead, and that this fair adventurer is daughter to Alvarez.

Lor. Incredible! but go on; let me hear more.

Don Fel. She'll tell thee the rest herself the next dark night she meets thee in the garden.

Lor. Ha!—Was it Camillo then, that I—

Isab. It was Camillo, who there made you happy: and who has virtue, beauty, wit, and love—enough to make you so, while life shall last you.

Lor. The proof she gives me of her love, deserves a large acknowledgement indeed. Forgive me, therefore, Leonora, if what I owe this goodness and these charms, I with my utmost care, my life, my soul, endeavour to repay.

Cam. Is it then possible you can forgive me?

Lor. Indeed I can; few crimes have such a claim

to mercy ; but join with me then, my dear Camillo, (for still I know you by no other name) join with me to obtain your father's pardon : yours, Leonora, too, I must implore : and yours, my friend, for now we may be such. [*To Carlos.*] Of all I ask forgiveness. And since there is so fair a cause of all my wild mistakes, I hope, I by her interest shall obtain it.

Alv. You have a claim to mine, Lorenzo, I wish I had so strong a one to yours : but if by future services (though I lay down my life amongst them) I may blot out of your remembrance a fault (I cannot name) I then shall leave the world in peace.

Lor. In peace then, sir, enjoy it ; for, from this very hour, whate'er is past with me, is gone for ever. " Your daughter is too fair a mediatrix to be refused his pardon, to whom she owes the charms she pleads with for it."

Car. *From this good day, then let all discord cease ;
Let those to come be harmony and peace ;
Henceforth let all our different interests join,
Let fathers, lovers, friends, let all combine,
To make each other's days as blest as she will
mine.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



EPILOGUE

WRITTEN BY MR. MOTTEUX.

*I'M thinking, now good husbands are so few,
To get one like my friend, what must I do.
Camillo ventur'd hard; yet at the worst,
She stole love's honey-moon, and try'd her lover first.
Many poor damsels, if they dar'd to tell,
Have done as much, but have not 'scap'd so well.
'Tis well the scene's in Spain; thus in the dark
I should be loth to trust a London spark.
Some accident might, for a private reason,
Silence a female all this acting season,
Hard fate of woman! any one would vex,
To think what odds you men have of our sex.
Restraint and customs share our inclination;
You men can try, and run o'er half the nation.
We dare not, even to avoid reproach,
When ye're at White's, peep out of hackney-coach;
Nor with a friend at night, our fame regarding,
With glass drawn up, drive about Covent-Garden.
If poor town-ladies steal in here you rail,
Though, like chaste nuns, their modest looks they veil;
With this decorum they can hardly gain
To be thought virtuous ev'n in Drury-Lane.
Though this you'll not allow, yet sure you may
A plot to snap you in an honest way.
In love affairs, one scarce would spare a brother;
All cheat; and married folks may keep a pother,
But look as if they cheated one another.
You may pretend our sex dissembles most;
But of your truth none have much cause to boast.
You promise bravely; but for all your storming,
We find you're not so valiant at performing.
Then sure Camillo's conduct you'll approve:
Would you not do as much for one you love?
Wedlock's but a blind bargain at the best,
You venture more sometimes to be not-half so bless'd;
All soon or late that dangerous venture make,
And some of you may make a worse mistake.*

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